

Blueberries and Axes

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Blueberries and Axes

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

Summary

"I think I like Karl," Sapnap blurted out.

Dream glanced at George who looked at Dream before both of them looked back at Sapnap.

"Wasn't I the one who told you that like three days ago?" Dream said, putting his sword down, going back to his previous position of leaning on the edge of George's desk.

"No you didn't," Sapnap said.

"I literally did," Dream retorted.

"Doesn't matter," Sapnap cut him off. "What do I do?"

"Well I can't say anything," George mumbled. "My knight wants to date the other one, it's

honestly better for me to stay out of it."

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In which Sarnap finally realizes he's been crushing on the new Knight that moved into that palace 6 months ago,

And he realizes it only because jealousy is not a pretty color on him.

Notes

Long time waiting for people who are coming from Try and 21 Days.

This isn't my best work I don't think, but I gave it a fair shot and I like it.

KarlNap FTW

This is set after 21 Days but before Try (I'm still not sure where Try is in the timeline tbh with you)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Dream wait!"

Dream felt a hand grab his arm, pulling him harshly towards the bushes.

"Quackity, what-" Dream began.

"Shh, you can't go into the armory," Quackity said.

"Why not?" Dream asked.

"We're waiting," Tommy whispered. "Shush shush,"

Dream looked at Quackity, and Tommy, only to realize that Tubbo and Fundy were also in the bushes with them. Wilbur was slightly more dignified, leaning on a tree though still quite hidden from the path of the armory.

"This is a weird hang out spot," Dream raised an eyebrow.

"Wait, just wait- you can't ruin this for him," Quackity shushed again.

Dream followed Quackity's movement and peaked over the bushes. The door was shut, and there was no one.

"Okay, this is stupid. I'm going through the inside route," Dream declared.

"No! He's inside!" Quackity exclaimed.

Dream turned to his fellow knights who are in various positions of crouching and leaning and looked at them questioningly.

"You guys are in on this?" Dream said.

"Well actually, Big Q stopped me from getting my sticks," Tommy said. "Just like you."

"I *was* patrolling with Quackity but we've been here for who knows," Fundy said.

"I was just bored," Wilbur shrugged.

"So who's in there?" Dream asked.

"You know how the Blacksmith comes every month to do checks, restocks, and repairs?" Tubbo said.

"Why yes, Tubbo, I am quite familiar."

"He sent his daughter this time," Tommy said.

"Oh. So who's *him*?" Dream asked, referring to what Quackity yelled.

"Dream?" George's voice startled all his knights out of their daze.

"Y-your highness!" Tubbo exclaimed immediately standing up. Wilbur yanked Tommy off the ground as Fundy scrambled.

Dream slowly unraveled himself from Quackity's arms on his shoulders before standing up. Quackity just sighed and put his head down, still crouching behind the bush.

"Yes?" Dream replied and George looked confused.

"What do you mean *yes*, you were getting my bow, were you not?" George asked slowly. He turned his head and looked at his other knights. "Is there a particularly interesting bush that I am not seeing?" He turned to the knights who all just glanced at Quackity, but that was enough to alert George. "Alex.." He called warningly.

"Yes your highness," Quackity answered defeatedly.

"Could you please go back to patrolling?" George said, though his tone was much like one would use when talking to a child.

"Yes, your highness," Quackity answered again.

Fundy grabbed Quackity and pulled him away, back onto their route. Wilbur, Tubbo, and Tommy were left standing there.

"In my defense," Wilbur started. "I have another 30 minutes until the potion finished brewing, so I don't have any work."

"I was on my way to get my sticks," Tommy said and Tubbo nodded along.

"Okay," George dragged out. "Well, you know where to find the armory."

Wilbur gave Tommy and Tubbo a little nudge towards the armory before heading back towards the castle. And so Dream was left standing with his king.

"And just how long were you going to make me wait?" George nagged.

"Quackity stopped me, and I got sidetracked!" Dream exclaimed defensively. "It was barely 5 minutes, you came after me already?"

"Well actually I came because I just remembered that the blacksmith is here today and there's a little nick on the sword that's hung up in the throne room that I want to be fixed," George explained. Dream pondered for a bit and then shrugged.

"Well apparently I heard that it's his daughter today," Dream said.

The two of them turned to look at the armory just in time as Tommy and Tubbo opened the door. They saw the blacksmith's daughter, doing shield checks with one Karl Jacobs.

"Oh, so that's who *him* is," Dream muttered.

"What?" George asked.

"They-" Dream started. "Never mind, not important. Let's get you your bow."

George simply nodded and followed behind his knight, striding towards the armory. Tommy looked scared when the blacksmith's daughter greeted him, deciding instead to sprint further into the armory. Tubbo waved at them, exchanging hellos with Karl as well.

The blacksmith's daughter, her name is Raquel if Dream remembered correctly, was laughing at something Karl had said when she noticed the two men come towards the armory.

"Oh!" Raquel exclaimed, letting her grip go of the shield Karl was holding, making him stumble

forward at the weight of it to catch it from falling. "My king! I-i-" she started stuttering.

"Breathe, Raquel," Dream said softly from under his mask as he simply walked past, softly nudging Karl on his way towards the bows and arrows.

"Please, don't let me stop you," George chuckled. "I have an extra special job for your father, it's an antique sword if you'd let him know to come at his earliest convenience. No rush, if he has other work. This one needs care so I'd rather wait until he has ample time."

"Yes. Y-yes, I'll tell him your request your highness," Raquel laughed nervously. Dream came striding back with George's personal set in hand before nodding.

"Nice tip work on the arrowheads," Dream complimented, showing George the new sets of arrows Raquel had stocked the armory with.

"Thank you, I did them myself," Raquel said.

"You're going to be as good as your dad in no time," Karl said.

"Stop it," Raquel giggled.

"Well then, as you were," George said kindly before walking outside. Dream nodded at the two of them before following George towards the shooting range. "*Him* huh?" He asked Dream the moment they walked far enough.

"Quackity was the one going on about it," Dream replied. "He won't let anyone go in."

"It doesn't look like they have any issues flirting in front of company," George shrugged.

"I wonder if Sapnap knows," Dream hummed as George chuckled.

"It's not your birthday today," Dream said.

"No, it is not," Sapnap agreed, looking confusingly at Dream. "You've known me since we were kids."

"Why do you have a cake?" Dream pointed to his hand. "More importantly, will you share?"

"Anastasia from the bakery gave it to me," Sapnap shrugged. "I was gonna leave it for Karl. He likes blueberries."

"Right," Dream said slowly.

"What?"

"Nothing, it's fine," Dream shrugged.

"No, what is it?" Sapnap pressured.

"Do you like Karl?" Dream asked.

"I mean, yeah, he's a pretty cool dude," Sapnap shrugged.

"Other than that, do you *like* Karl?" Dream asked.

"I just said I did, what are you on about?" Sapnap asked.

"And the cake.." Dream drawled.

"He's new, he doesn't know his way around town yet," Sapnap said defensively. "And like I said, he likes blueberries."

"New," Dream said mockingly. "He's been here 6 months."

"And he spent the first month dealing with the whole George thing, then it was trying to cover for your ass, then it was that thing with Techno, and then-"

"Okay! Be defensive like that," Dream answered. "I believe you."

"You're so weird dude," Sapnap chuckled.

"You don't even realize why Anastasia gave you like a third cake for the month do you?" Dream asked.

"She baked one too many," Sapnap shrugged. "Karl's getting off his round soon, I'll go meet him at the west door."

Dream sighed as his best friend walked away with the blueberry cake in hand, chuckling to himself on what is going to be an interesting next few days.

"You're actually dog water!" Karl yelled jokingly at Sapnap on the grounds.

"You're just mad you can't throw an ax right," Sapnap said smugly before he casually flung his ax at the target, only missing the center by a bit.

"This is a joke," Karl said. "You're not even teaching me."

"I told you what to do. Over your head, step forward, base down, release at eye level," Sapnap said.

"Your words mean nothing to me," Karl deadpanned.

"Okay, okay, clearly the two-handed throw is really throwing you off-" Sapnap snickered. "Get it?"

"You're embarrassing," Karl laughed.

"Let's try one-handed, some people find it easier, and I think you have a problem with releasing your grip so one-handed would be better," Sapnap offered.

"Okay, how do I do that?"

"Same foot and everything yeah, non-dominant foot forward, other foot follows through."

"Got it."

"But now the ax goes over your shoulder, and swing and release," Sapnap said. "Just try it, just try it."

Karl tried his best, he really did, swung but the ax hit the target and bounced. Sapnap burst out laughing, bending down hand covering his face.

"Shut your mom," Karl said, but couldn't help but laugh along.

"Alright, alright, we're gonna practice how to release, because apparently, you need to know how to not grip too hard," Sapnap said sassily. He took Karl's hand and laughed. "Loosen up, your knuckles are white."

"It's an ax!" Karl said defensively.

"Throwing axes aren't even sharp," Sapnap laughed. "Look!" He ran his fingers over the blade.

"No, stop, stop," Karl winced though he laughed along.

"Okay here's a little trick," Sapnap said. "When you hold the handle, clench it thumb first then your other 4 fingers instead of the usual thumb over fist."

Sapnap walked closer to Karl until he was standing right behind Karl. He rearranged Karl's fingers on the grip of the ax before enveloping his hand over Karl's.

"Over your shoulder-" Sapnap said, moving Karl's hand to move until the ax was over their shoulder. "When I say now, you release." Karl nodded.

Karl was close. So close.

Granted Sapnap, placed himself in that position.

Karl smelled faintly like sun, grass, and blueberries. He was warm, cheeks tinted pink, hair messily over his face from the sweat of the workout.

And suddenly Sapnap was hyperaware of his heart beating.

Sapnap pulled himself together enough to guide Karl's hand down until the ax blade was at their sightline.

"Now."

And the ax flew off, spinning once before the head stuck itself to the target. It's not quite at the center, but it was better than anything Karl had been doing the past couple of hours.

"That wasn't horrible!" Karl exclaimed. "That was good!"

"Yeah," Sapnap took a few steps back. His hand was *not* this sweaty five minutes ago. "Try again."

"Alright," Karl said enthusiastically.

He took another ax, slowly retraced the movements, and threw. The ax landed. Not as centered as the one before, but it's certainly progress.

Karl giggled giddily, turning to Sapnap and grinning the widest he's ever seen. But then Karl's eyes shifted to the side and Karl raised his hand and waved.

"Raquel!" Karl called.

Sapnap turned to see the blacksmith's daughter off to the side of the stables, taking the horse-drawn cart towards the watering hole so the horses can drink. Karl waved at her which she returned.

"We should probably clean up," Sapnap cleared his throat.

"Oh right," Karl said. "Thanks for teaching me Sapnap, I appreciate it."

"No problem, man," Sapnap tried to suppress a voice crack. *Oh my god, what is wrong with him?*
"You're gonna be good at it in no time."

"Oh," Karl sounded a little confused that Sapnap didn't say something sarcastic. "Thank you. Do you want to teach me again?" He said. "How's Thursday? I know you do swords with Dream on Fridays."

"Uhm yeah, sure, sure, Thursday sounds good," Sapnap agreed and the two of them headed to return the axes to the armory.

On their way out of the armory, however, they were met by none other than Raquel.

"Oh hi!" Karl said cheerfully.

"I see you were throwing axes," Raquel said. "I'm pretty good at axes if I do say so myself," She added jokingly. "I could teach you."

"I've been-" Sapnap opened his mouth but instantly regretted it.

"Oh Sapnap's been teaching me," Karl said. "Best ax thrower in the castle."

Thankfully it didn't seem like Karl really heard Sapnap said anything.

"High praise," Raquel said. "How are the new axes treating you?"

"I wouldn't know, I don't throw axes well enough to know if something is off," Karl joked. Both Karl and Raquel turned and looked at Sapnap expectantly.

"It's fine."

"All good? Nothing I need to replace?" Raquel asked. "Last chance, while my dad is still here."

"Your dad's here?" Karl asked.

"Yeah he came for the sword, he got the sword and he's fixing it right now, might be a while," Raquel said.

"Well if you're not doing anything, maybe it's time for that palace tour," Karl said, bending down to offer her an arm.

"Oh, that'd be wonderful!" Raquel said, looping her arm with his. "It's great to meet you!" She waved back at Sapnap as Karl led her out.

Green is very much not Sapnap's color.

But it is Dream's color and he needs to yell at someone now.

Sapnap ran across the palace, trying his absolute best to avoid Karl and Raquel who were also traveling down the hallways, and looked through rooms until he burst into the King's study.

George jumped a bit from his seat, Dream drew his sword, immediately swinging into action at the sound of threat. But Sapnap slammed the door close and rested his body against the door.

"Jesus Sapnap, what are you doing?" George complained.

"I-" Sapnap panted.

"Danger or no danger Sapnap? You gotta tell me," Dream said slowly.

"I think I like Karl," Sapnap blurted out.

Dream glanced at George who looked at Dream before both of them looked back at Sapnap.

"Wasn't I the one who told you that like three days ago?" Dream said, putting his sword down, going back to his previous position of leaning on the edge of George's desk.

"No you didn't," Sapnap said.

"I literally did," Dream retorted.

"Doesn't matter," Sapnap cut him off. "What do I do?"

"Well I can't say anything," George mumbled. "My knight wants to date the other one, it's honestly better for me to stay out of it."

"But George," Sapnap whined. "Help me. As George, as my friend George."

"Just tell him," Dream shrugged.

"I can't do that," Sapnap said.

"Why not?" George said.

"It's not that easy," Sapnap replied.

"Yes, it is. Just tell him," Dream said.

Ironic coming from you two morons.

"Can't you just banish the girl from the palace?" Sapnap offered.

"You want me to banish the blacksmith's daughter from the palace?" George chuckled. "Sapnap-"

"Just get her out of here-"

"Just ask him out," Dream said. "You've been eye googling this guy for weeks- months now, and I think he likes you back so just go for it."

"You think he likes me back?" Sapnap sounded hopeful.

"I mean, I don't know." Dream shrugged.

"You're the worst. You're dog water, absolute dog water."

"Oh, he's starting to sound like him as well," George commented easily and Sapnap turned bright pink. Dream wheezed and gave George a fist bump.

"I hate you both," Sapnap said. "I will betray you, I will sell you out to the other kingdom."

"Right," George drawled with a grin. "Look, you've been spending a lot of time with him, and to be honest, Karl seems to really enjoy spending time with you too."

"Teach me how to throw axes, do you want to do rounds with me-" Dream said sarcastically.

"That's just-" Sapnap stopped. "Isn't that normal?"

"About as normal as you knowing his shift times and ignoring Anastasia's cakes," Dream answered.

"Oh from the bakery?" George asked Dream who nodded. "You could have the baker and you chose a knight. Think about how well she's going to feed you." He said.

"Shut up," Sapnap groaned as George laughed.

"Honestly Sapnap what's the worst that could happen?" Dream said.

"I think you of all people should stop saying that," Sapnap said causing George to chuckle. "What's the worst that could happen? *Comes home dead, almost gets killed by execution, gets shot by seven arrows-*" Sapnap listed.

Dream was about to retort back when there was a knock on the door. Sapnap jumped up startled, stumbling away from the door.

"Come in," George said, shaking his head at Sapnap.

The door swung open and in comes Karl, much to everyone's mixture of surprise and amusement. More surprise and shock from Sapnap, and much much more amusement from the other two.

"The blacksmith says he's done if you'd like to take a look at the sword," Karl told George who smiled and stood up.

"Why I would love to," George said delightfully. "Come on boys."

Karl led the way while Dream and Sapnap walked behind their King. George could hear Sapnap and Dream bicker in whispers, nudging and shoving each other like they always did when they were kids.

The blacksmith was waiting just at the courtyard, his daughter wrangling the horse as they waited for the King to come to them.

"Wonderful Mr. Frossard, commendable work as always," George complimented as he took the sword from the blacksmith, inspecting the places where he knew the cracks were. He handed it to Dream, who took it and swung it, nodding in satisfaction. "Have you received payment?"

"Yes, the Steward has paid me handsomely, I could not thank you enough," The blacksmith gleamed.

"It's been a pleasure," George said. "Have a safe trip back to town." He waved.

"Thank you, your highness," He greeted. "Come Raquel."

"Coming!" Raquel called. "We still good for Thursday?" She asked, hands softly grabbing Karl's arm.

"Yeah of course!" Karl said, watching Raquel hop on to the cart. "Bye!" He waved.

"Thursday?" Sarnap suddenly said when the Frossards left the palace.

"Yeah, Raquel is going to show me the town," Karl answered, still watching them leave until the gates closed. He turned to Sarnap before suddenly realizing. "Oh, oh no. Oh no, I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Sarnap smiled.

"No, it's not. I forgot that Thursday was my off-day and the only day I can actually go to town, I'm so sorry-"

"It's okay, I'm sure Dream wouldn't mind trading," Sarnap said.

"Hm?" Dream looked confused, being suddenly pulled out from his swinging of George's family's antique sword. "I what?"

"You don't mind doing swords with me on Thursday so I can do axes on Friday with Karl," Sarnap said, trying hard to make his voice sound normal but Dream knew him enough to know he was trying hard not to pressure down the words.

"I don't know, Dream was supposed to do something for me on Thursday," George hummed teasingly.

Sapnap's eyes flickered dangerously at his own king, who looked even more amused than ever. George smirked the most shit-eating smirk one has ever seen from such a kind-hearted king.

"I'm sure we can work it out," Dream finally offered Sapnap an out.

"See, it's all good," Sapnap turned to Karl.

"Okay. Thank you!" Karl said. "I have to go see Quackity, I think he wants to show me something. Your highness." He bowed to George who waved him off before leaving the courtyard.

"I hate both of you," Sapnap said.

"Of course you do," George said.

"One of these days I'm going to betray this kingdom and when you ask me why I will remind you of this exact moment," Sapnap said.

"Of course you will," Dream said before heading back inside the castle with George, leaving Sapnap to stand alone in the courtyard, a thousand thoughts going through his head.

And then it was Thursday.

How Sapnap found himself loitering around the town, he did not know. He shouldn't be doing this, but here he was.

Don't know what the plan was. What would he even do? Crash Karl's date? What was even the excuse?

Hey Karl, George wants you back. There's an emergency with the potato farm.

Does he want to throw the King under the bus? Yes, yes he does.

He-

"Hello," A voice called out. Raquel popped up next to him making Sapnap jump. "Sapnap right? Karl's friend."

"Uh hi," Sapnap said.

"Greatest ax thrower in the palace," Raquel said and Sapnap just laughed nervously. "What are you doing here?"

"I uh-" Sapnap panicked. This was a great question and Sapnap cursed himself for not thinking about an answer. What was he gonna say? *I'm waiting for Karl?* "Tailor," he blurted out once his eyes locked onto the nearby tailor.

"Tailor?" Raquel said.

"Yes," Sapnap said.

"Doesn't the tailor come to the palace just like us?" Raquel asked.

"Right, yes," Sapnap said. "It's for the king." Raquel raised an eyebrow, still questioning it. "He wants his cloak as soon as possible."

"Oh, I didn't think he'd send down a knight," Raquel said. "So what are you waiting for? Is the cloak not ready?"

Oh my god, why is she asking so many good questions?

"Sapnap?" Karl called out. "What are you doing here?" Karl doesn't look shocked, just a little confused though delighted still. Smiling. Sapnap was thankful Karl is still smiling.

"Cloak," Sapnap said.

"Cloak," Karl repeated.

"Yeah, you know the thing the King wanted Dream to do," Sapnap reasoned.

"But you're here and Dream's at the place, then you're not sword training with Dream," Karl slowly said. Sapnap stared at him blankly before yet another voice joins the conversation.

"Hey, Sapnap!" Anastasia had walked out of the bakery. Of course, she did, of course, Sapnap had forgotten that the bakery that she worked at was the one next to the tailor and across the blacksmith.

"Hey Ana," Sapnap greeted kindly.

"You're here for the cake right?" Anastasia asked.

"The cake?" Sapnap asked.

"I got a message from the palace that you were coming to get a cake the king ordered," Anastasia said. "Well, someone would, I assumed that's you."

"Right," Sapnap said. "Right! The cake."

"Honestly I didn't think they'd send a knight down, feels more like another person's work you know," Anastasia took a box of cake from her colleague inside the bakery before handing it to Sapnap.

"That's what I said!" Raquel exclaimed loudly before shrinking down, covering her mouth.

"Oh wait, Raquel could you please look at that new smoker you installed real quick, it's burning a little too hot on one side and burning the cookies," Anastasia suddenly said. "Please, it's been a bother all morning."

"It's probably a misplaced link, it'll be a second," Raquel agreed before turning to Karl. "You don't mind waiting?"

"No, not at all," Karl said.

"Eddie can show you," Anastasia pointed towards the man inside the bakery, and with that, Raquel left. "And I don't believe I've met you."

"Karl Jacobs, I'm new-ish," Karl offered his hand to shake.

"You're friends with Sapnap, so I'm going to assume you're also a knight," Anastasia said.

"That I am," Karl nodded.

"Before or after the new king?" Anastasia asked.

"I came about a month before King George," Karl said.

"You've been here 6 months and I've never seen you?" Anastasia exclaimed. "That's a crime."

"And he hasn't been to town much either!" Raquel called out as she left the bakery. "I'm taking him around right now."

"It's been an eventful 6 months," Karl said defensively.

"Oh okay," Anastasia teased. "You have to try my cake, I'm going to make you one, what fruit do you like?"

"I like Blueberries!" Karl said excitedly.

"Oh I'm famous for my blueberry cakes, I actually give Sapnap an extra one all the time-" Anastasia winked at Sapnap. "You have to try my blueberry cake."

"I think I already have-" Karl glanced at Sapnap who turned bright red and cleared his throat.

"I think it's about time I go before something happens to the cake," Sapnap stuttered out. "Bye."

"Oh," Karl said. "See you later!"

Sapnap could hear Raquel mumble something about a cloak but he got out of there as soon as he could, face still burning in embarrassment.

Sapnap avoided Karl as much as he could that night. He wouldn't even go get dinner that Dream had to bring food to his room. Dream wanted to laugh at his friend's wallowing, but it looked so real that he can't help but pity him.

"It can't be that bad," Dream said, eating the cake that Anastasia had made Sapnap, sitting on Sapnap's bed. Sapnap was facing down on his pillow, shaking his head.

"It was embarrassing," Sapnap said. "I can't- I can't even look at him. I got caught in lies after lies after lies-"

"Lie better," Dream said and Sapnap groaned. "I mean you're going to have to, you're teaching him axes again tomorrow."

"Just kill me Dream," Sapnap begged. "Do it for your buddy."

"This is for your own good, I promise," Dream said. "Just get some sleep, you'll be fine tomorrow."

Dream pulled the blankets to cover his friend's limp body before leaving the room.

"That bad?" George asked, having waited outside of Sapnap's room for Dream.

"Don't tell him, but it's horrifying," Dream said.

"I heard that!" Sapnap yelled. George and Dream snickered.

"Good night Sapnap," George called out before leaving.

The morning came too soon and the afternoon even sooner. It was time already time to meet Karl at the training field.

"Hey," Karl greeted him with a smile. "I'm ready."

"Okay," Sapnap nodded. "Why don't you try that one-handed throw again?"

"Alright," Karl nodded.

Karl tried his best, throwing the axes until it hits. His success rate is going up, though the accuracy needs a little work. Sapnap gave him advice, showed him what to do, critiqued his technique.

It was silent, and kind of awkward to be honest. Karl didn't know what was wrong. There was no more banter, no more joking and yelling, name-calling and soon it was over.

"I have rounds," Karl declared.

"Right," Sapnap said. "I guess we better clean up."

"Sapnap-" Karl called when they were alone in the armory.

"Yes?"

"Did I do something wrong?" Karl's voice was so soft that it broke Sapnap's heart. Sapnap froze. "I just- I didn't-" he continued.

"No, nothing's wrong," Sapnap said.

"You're acting differently. And you didn't come to dinner yesterday or breakfast. You didn't even say anything when I made a joke-" Karl continued. "It's like you don't want to see me."

"Everything is fine Karl," Sapnap said.

"You won't even look at me right now. Look, I'm sorry I mis-scheduled. But if you're mad at me, you could just tell me," Karl desperately tried to get a reaction.

"Karl-"

"I'm sorry!" Karl yelled.

"It's not your fault!" Sapnap yelled back.

"Then why are you angry at me?"

"I'm not angry at you, I'm angry at *me*." The words left Sapnap's mouth before he could even process the regret.

Karl stood there, looking at Sapnap, both of them breathing heavily at the tense conversation.

"I thought we were friends, you tell me if something is wrong," Karl said. "Are we not friends?"

"Karl-"

"Stop saying my name," Karl exclaimed. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"Go out with me," Sapnap had no control over the words that came out of his mouth. It took Karl by such a shock that he stumbled back against a staff rack.

"W-what?"

"Please."

"*Please* doesn't explain it," Karl said. "What?" He repeated.

"I um-" Sapnap tried to look for an escape, something that he's been doing a lot lately, but Karl standing in front of him staring was inevitable. "I don't know if you're into-" He gestured to himself. "Or I mean, men in general- B-but also, me."

Sapnap bit his lip, trying hard to read Karl's reaction to his words.

"And I know it's shitty timing, I don't know what's happening between you and Raquel at the moment, but if you are-" Sapnap gulped. "Into men- Uhm, I mean, me specifically, go out with me?"

Silence.

Oh god, he fucked up.

"You-" Karl said after a while of staring at Sapnap. "You've been angry for the past 24 hours because you like me?"

"Kind of?" Sapnap squeaked out.

"You-" Karl sighed. "You're actually dog water."

Karl took Sapnap by the collar of his armor and slammed their lips together. Sapnap was stunned silent, though recovered quickly enough that could bring both his hands up to cup Karl's face, deepening the kiss.

His lips were soft, tasted like a hint of mint and blueberries. Which makes sense, he'd been snacking on them throughout the whole training. Sapnap felt Karl's hand leave his armor and crawl up to his hair, fingers settling nicely tangled in his brown hair.

Sapnap felt Karl breaking into a smile, giggling softly and they pushed one more time before finally pulling away. They were gasping for air, bodies pressed against each other, eyes gazing.

"Hi," Karl whispered. "There you are. Are you back?"

Sapnap chuckled as Karl's thumb caressed his temple, smoothing his hair away. Sapnap slowly pressed his forehead against Karl, smiling as he closed his eyes.

"There he is," Karl said.

"You like me back," Sapnap mumbled. A smile creeping on his face that he could no longer contain.

"I do," Karl agreed.

"I'm an idiot."

"You are not allowed to ever do that to me ever again," Karl said and Sapnap nodded.

"Okay," He agreed, slowly melting onto Karl's hands.

"And for your information-" Karl continued. "I've known Raquel from when we were kids. She moved when we were 8, and it was just, nice to meet an old friend."

Sapnap chuckled in embarrassment.

"Sorry," Sapnap apologized.

"You may want to clear the air with Ana though," Karl said. "She doesn't get to have you."

"I-" Sapnap wanted to interject, but he took one look at Karl and conceded. "I will."

"Good," Karl pressed a kiss on Sapnap's cheek. "I'm late for rounds."

Karl was pulling away when Sarnap stole another kiss making Karl giggle before pushing him off.

"So you'll go out with me?" Sarnap said.

"I mean, you said *please*," Karl teased. "I'm going to the festival tomorrow with Raquel, but I think she'll understand if I told her I'm going out on a date."

"It's a date," Sarnap nodded, hands holding on to Karl's until Karl finally walked away.

Sarnap stood in the armory, smiling as he brought his fingers to touch his lips.

Karl liked him back.

Happy.

Bonus feature

"Karl and I are taking tomorrow off," Sarnap yelled as he once again burst into George's office.

Dream barely flinched this time, lounging on the grandfather chair, legs dangling over the arms. George looked up from his papers.

"Didn't you already take like half a day yesterday, and half a day today?" Dream said teasingly.

"Are you asking?" George said.

"No, I'm telling," Sarnap said.

"Alright, disrespect your king like that, that's fine," George said and Dream chuckled.

"Alright, thanks!" Sapnap said before leaving.

"You gonna let him take another day off?" Dream asked.

"You gonna tell him you bought the cake from Ana because you knew Sapnap was gonna be in town to see Karl?" George shot back.

"Understood," Dream said. "In my defense, I was trying to help him with an out, I didn't think he'd say he needed to go to the tailor!"

"Do you want to go to the festival?" George asked absentmindedly.

"Don't I have to? Aren't you obligated to go anyway?" Dream said. "You have a speech and everything."

"Yes, but afterward, I'm thinking Invis pots and following Sapnap around," George grinned.

"Ooh," Dream exclaimed, jumping out of the chair, heading towards the door. "I'm going to go prep the potion."

"It's a date."

End Notes

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Kudos and comments are appreciated. I loved writing Karlnap so if you guys have any ideas about a Karlnap story, please please comment and send them my way, I need ideas.

PS. Like I said, this is before Try, so the banter between George and Dream is mostly like the usual flirty, but not yet dating stage as we all know and love. Just thought I would clarify. The "It's a date" thing is also a joke

Also, I have an SBI one coming up, very Techno centric.

Real soon, real real soon give it like a day or two.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!